

SILAS HUMBLE.

The Showman Meets the Heathen and He

is Theirs.

corin' the first week of my travels a my world-renowned panoramy and xeeled menagerie, and while I was im forth at the town of Never Dera erict comes to me one day with x in his hand and sex:

yuth is a jewel which no falsehood dim."

in dam,"
"And Integrity is a weapon which concre all things," sez I.
Then we looks at each other fur a minin a balmy way, and he sez:
"The wise man looks ahead fur the toorrow; the fool lives only in the toy."

orrow: the fool lives only in the toay."

Ami he who gaineth his experience
sthout loss or hurt remembers it only
ir a day," see 1.

Then we smiles and grins and looks
almy some more, and he comes down
bisness and sex;

"Hev you got a jumpin'-frog in yourrand aggregashun of livin' wonders?"

"I hain it," sex 1, "but I've got a grassopper in a bottle who kin outjump any
og born into this sinful world."

"Mebbe ye hev a few dollars to back
er taik", sex he, as he opens his box
ai pais his frog on the back in a luvin'
ay.

I laid down a greenback of the denominashum of \$5, and he tenderly kivered it with one of ekal value. Then I got out my grasshopper, who had jest passed his first birthday and was full of ambishum, and as we puts 'em down on the grass fur a contest, I sez:

"Even out of tribulashum the hopeful man kin extract sunshine."

And he rolls up his eyes and tenderly carcesses his frog and sez:

"Virchew makes a clear conscience, and

rehew makes a clour conscience, and ho bath nuthin' to regret is greatest

Man comsin up to the state of t

I pondered and reflected for about a uarter of an hour, and then gave him is price, and said:
"As you hey done unto me, so I will do not others—If I git the chance,"
Man's finhumanity to man rakes down he cash," see he, as he winks at me and she his hands in an unctuous way.
Then he gives me some pinters as to ow to keep the frog enthusiastic and mbishus and make him do his best when alled upon to exert hisself, and as he alks away with his face towards the ettin sun he waves his hand at me, and is back:

greath before a fall, and the ar-hall be brung low." sez he, as up the box and has a long look

my faith every day in the week."

"How much of a pin?" sex I.

"Make it an even £20," sex he.

And with much exilerashun and hilarity in my soul I pulled out the long green, and the stranger did not dally with his purse. His was a grasshopper in the heyday of youth and vigor, but seemingly not ekal to the one on which I had banked and lost. In my bilariousness of soul, I winked at him and said:

"If 'lime stood sfill, men would only hey more days in which to do evil. Human flesh is prope to wickedness."

"Yea," sez he, as he takes out a small bottle and oils up the joints of his grasshopper. "If it wasn't for the hars who live on, we should hey no epitaph on our head-stuns."

hopper. "If it wasn't for the hars was live on, we should hev no epitaph on our head-stuns."

I put down my frog and he put down his hopper, and we smiled at each other and were oily and unctuous. Then we poked up our champions and they jumped, and my jumpin' frog didn't kiver three feet of ground.

"The race is not allus to the swift," ecz the stranger, as he pockets my money and restores his hopper to its bottie.

I was still lookin' at my frog and wonderin' how he had got left, when the humble-minded cle kuss continers:

"Justice may be a leetle slow sometimes but she ginerally manages to git around by Saturday night."

I was feelin' that I orter take him by the neck and go behind the returns when he slips sway out of the tent, and his voice was faintly heard sayin':

"The armor of an honest man is a clear conscience, and Humility alius pays a hundred cents on the dollar, even when wheat's down to seventy."

And it was only arter he was far away that I diskivered that the critter who sold me the frog had tied his legs together with great definess before turning him ever, and with the fell purpose of making me a shorn lamb. I had bin shorn, and I could only comfort myself by sayin':

"Misfortune is but a spur to incite."

shorn, and I could only comfort hyself by sayin':

"Misfortune is but a spur to incite mankind to nobler deeds, and durn my hide if I don't git even if I hev to steal hoss to do it!" SILAS HUMBLE, General Showman and Philosopher.

On His Uncle's Account.

He didn't look like a man with money to buy luxuries, but nevertheless, as he entered the fur store, he was received with the usual smile and the usual que-

"You could make me a pair of bear-skin gloves, I presume?" he said, as he

"Oh, certanly. I have one of the finest skins here I ever handled. Bearskin gloves are going to be all the rage this winter."

couldn't pay that price. Perhaps if it carried a piece of bear-skin in my pocket it would do just as well. Poor Unde John! No one knows what he suffered before he was devoured. How big a piece would you sell me for a dollar?"

"My dear friend," said the stranger, as he turned on him with brimming eyes, "a thought has just entered my head. aps you may feel like giving me thing to remember my Uncle John It need not necessarily be a piece

of bear-skin."

"It could be something else, eh?" queried the furrier, who caught on at last. "It could, sir. I have told you of my uncle's fate. You know what my feelings are. Whatever you wish to give will always be gratefully considered a double-sourcent."

will give you something, and here it
Take that—and that—and that!"
Were those kicks in memory of my

"They were, sir!"
"Then I thank you, sir. It was just as well as if I had paid \$25 for a pair of bear-skin gloves. I am ahead—you are ahead—and all is well. This was a call on Uncle John's account. I'll drop in this afternoon and strike you for ten cents for a night's ledging for myself!"

As he waited at Rawlins for the east-bound train to pass, several men rode up on horseback, and by and by a lady left one of the coaches, in company with her son, a boy of tweeve or thirteen, and approaching one of the horses she asked of the owner:

replied the man.

"The same kind of a bronche that Buffalo William has in his shows?"

"Exactly the same."
"Of course it is." put in the boy, "and he's a bucker and I'm going to ride him. You said if we come across a bucking broncho I might try him." "Isn't a bucking broncho somewhat dangerous?" asked the mother.

dangerous?" asked the mother.
"That depends upon who is on his back, ma'am. Is your son a good rider?"
"You bet your life I am!" exclaimed the family pet, as he strutted around. "I offered to ride anything in Ruffalo Bill's show, but ma wouldn't let me. Give him a dollar, ma, and let me have some fun."

afraid that when the equine humps him-self up in the middle you'll get a jolt-

hump himself gently I would say yes," observed the mother to the owner of the brenche. "Will this humping be violent or gentle?" man-"not too gentle nor too violent, but jest between. It may be good exercise

'Y-e-s, it may be," she doubtfully ad-

pet, and next minute he was in the sad-dle and digging the horse with his beels.

ty feet away. The mother uttered a scream and sank down in a half-faint, and the boy was picked up in a senseless condition and carried to the car. Several of the passengers surrounded the owner of the broncho and indignantly criticised his company to the broncho and indignantly criticised in it. We have cleaned up our guns and laid in the condition of the broncho and indignantly criticised in it. his conduct, but he lazily climbed into

his conduct, but he lazily climbed into the saddle, looked around in a good-na-tured way, and replied:
"It ain't my fault, 'tall, gentlemen. The hoss respected the lady's feelin's and started in to hump up in the mid-dle gentily, but the blaned hump got away from him and becum violent, and when thar's violent humpin' sumthin' has got to bust or sumbody go a-kitin'!"

How He Began,

Prof. Morris, at the head of the chemical department of Cornell University, began life as a fireman on the New York Central railroad. He was advanced to be engineer, and then made up his mind to get an education, which he finally accomplished, and graduated with honor. and graduated with honor

THE ARIZONA KICKER. Editor Hellso Runs Up Against Civiliza-

tion While on a Business Trip.

The editor of the Arizona Kicker, the Mayor of Giveadam Gulch, the postmaster of the same town, the State Senator of the Third District, and the Deputy United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Arizona, all of whom are our-self, and signing his name Jim Hellso, left home last week for a buriness trip to St. Louis.

As we took our place in the stage to

drive to the railroad the band played: "See, The Conquering Hero Goes." That was us. If there is anything out in this Territory we haven't got on to with both feet we don't know where it is hidden

Our esteemed contemporary had heard Our esteemed contemporary had heard the news that we were going East to buy supplies for the Kicker office and mingle with the great world for a time, and he was on hand to see us off. He likewise had his old gun along and fired three or four shots at us with the usual result. We beg to repeat our former as-sertions that he ought to have been content to remain the owner of a cider mill, When we boarded the train and produced our dead-head rallroad pass, the this winter."

"I dont to care for style," said the stranger, as he smoothed down the fur before him. "I want the gloves more for memory's sake than anything else, I—I—Please excuse my emotion, will you? I never see a bear-skin without having the tears spring to my eyes. Poor Uncle John! Will you think it womanish of me to weep?"

"Oh, no, sir. Was your Uncle John and a black bear somehow connected?"

"They were. He was one of nature's noblemen, sir, and I was his pet nephew.

"They were. He was one of nature's noblemen, sir, and I was his pet nephew. Have you an hour to spare this morning to listen to my story?"

"Well, hardly. I can make you a pair of hear-skin gloves for about 256."

"My Unclo John-my noblest and dearest of all uncles, was killed and eaten by a black bear," said the stranger, as his eyes filled again. "You see why I want the gloves as a souvenir of a departed relative. Every time I held out my hands; I should think of poor Uncle John. He was eaten up so clean they found only a leg-bone. Excuse me, while I weep. It may seem childish, but can't help it."

"Do you want a pair of gloves?" asked the furrier, after giving the stranger's full minute to control his feelings.

"Not at 125" was the reply. "While

civilization, as tending to unsex the bone and sinew of the great Western Empire, but from this date onward we shall take a broader and more liberal view of the general situation, even if we lose half our subscribers and bring the number of victims in our private graveyard up

of victims in our private graveyard up to an even score.

For the last five years we have argued that Giveadam Guich was the only place in America worth living in, and have felt pity for the poor effiters who were obliged to put in time elsewhere. In our trip we ran across half a hundred towns which can give us fifty points and then win the game. Old Jim Hewson, who was born in the year one, and who thinks this is only the year two, will probably shoot at us for thus publicly stating our convictions, but truth is mighty and will prevail. We may be ousted from our postmastership for stating that we passed through a hundred places having more saloons than our Guich, with city halls twice as imposing, but we have always been a man to take chances.

chances.

No band out at St. Louis to welcome us, but as it was raining heavily, and all the bands were extra busy that day, we did not feel injured to any great extent. We hadn't been in the town an hour before we felt that if they would coax a few cowboys into town and permit a little shooting at telegraph poles and saloon fanlights, we should feel perfectly at home. At the hotel we rode upstairs in an elevator. Three months ago The Kicker had a half-page illustrated article on passenger elevators, and editorially stated in the same issue that any man with a pair of legs under him who would take this effete way of beating the stairs ought to be compelled to wear a dress and bornet. We have undergone a change of opinion. If the Bluzzard hotel at Giveadam Gulch doesn't put in an elevator this summer, we shall cease to chew our fodder and the coarse at that carayanary.

it full of holes, but we shall be there to argue for civilization.

We missed the free and easy manners of the Guich at the hotel table in St. Louis, and it was something of a strain on the nervous system, but we came out of it alive and right-side up, with our napkin shoved down in our coat-tail pocket for a handkerchief.

The waiter made a faux pas in passing us a lot of quill tooth-picks instead of a cedar sliver, but as he had never lived west of St. Louis, we did not lay it up against him.

Called on the postanasat, as was duty, and were well received. He had heard of our postoffice at Giveadam Guich, and was ready to agree with us that any free-born American postmaster who would lick on stamps for any

Also felt it our duty to call upon the Also felt it our duty to call upon the Mayor. After a slight delay, we were ushered into his presence, and he gave us a warm greeting. Exaggerated reports of the doings in the common council chamber of Giveadam Gulch had reached his cars, and we were glad to set him right. When we informed him that only three of our Aldermen had been

about three hundred times the size of Givendam Gulch. We know we shall

in it. We have cleaned up our guns and laid in one hundred cartridges to help us out in our new departure, and the critter who tries to stop us must look out for himself.

Where Prayer Prevailed.

There was an evangelist on the train who was going to hold forth at Custer City that night, and among the passengers who approached him to shake hands and wish him well was a rough looking old fellow, who raid:

"I'm also goin' to git off at Custer, and mebbe I could help you out a little to-night."

'Perhaps ro," was the doubtful re-

if you wanted me to stand up and tell what the Lord did for me over at Deadwood I should be glad to do it," continued the old man.

"What happened over there?"
"Wall, I was passin' through town, when the sheriff arrested me fur hoss-stealin'. I tried to bluff him down, but It was no go. He lugged me off to jail and said I'd git about ten years."
"And did the Lord assist you to break

out?" asked the passenger rearby.
"Oh, no. About midnight that night a mob took me out of jail to hang me. a mob took me out or jail to hang me.
There was about a hundred men, and
they was fierce for blood. Nuthin' I
could say had the least effect on 'em.
They carried me along to a tree, and
then stood me up on a bar'l and put
the noose over my head. I called upon
Heaven to witness that I was an innocent man, but they hooted at me."
"But they didn't hang you?" observed
the man who had spoken before.
"That's where my p'int comes in."

the man who had spoken before.

"That's where my p'int comes in," smiled the old man. "When all was ready they gin me three minits to pray. I knelt down on that bar'i and offered up sich a prayer as was never heard in that town before nor since. It just went right to the hearts or some of 'em, and when I was through they said I must be an innocent man. A part wanted to hang me, and a part didn't, but arter I had prayed agin they took the rope off my neck and lemme go. One feller gin me the boot as I went, but he was a mean cuss and not wuth the mindin'."

"And you think the Lord delivered you?" asked the evangelist. "I know it. I prayed for it and I got

"You were arested for stealing a orse, you said?"
"Yes, sir."
"But you were an innocent man?"

"But you were an innocent man?"
"That's where my p'int comes in agin!"
laugined the old man, as he rubbed his
hands together. "I kin stand up before
a crowd and show 'em what comes of
prayer and havin' faith."
"I don't exactly see."
"Don't you? Wall, when I was arrested I had three stolen hosses out in
the hills, and when they let me go I
stole another and got away with the
hull four!"

Tempered in Living Flesh.

It has been long believed that some, if not all, high-grade ancient tools of steel were tempered in human blood, and a discovery made three years ago in Syria substantiates the belief. In the remains of an armorer's smithy was found a parchment written in Syriac characters, giving directions for making

the famous "Damascus blades." The recipe reads as follows:

"Let the workman be furnished with a slave of fair frame, and let the Ethopian be bound, shoulders upwards, upon the block, his arms fastened underneath with thongs, and his head and neck projecting over and beyond the edge of the block. Then let the master workman cold-hammer the blade to a trin smooth edge. Next let it be thrust into a fire of cedar-wood coals until the color of the blade becomes red, like the rising sun. Then, with a quick motion, let him pass the blade six times, from the hilt to the point thereof, through the most fleshy portions of the slave's back and thighs, or a sufficient number of times to cool it until the color is purple. Then with one stroke it will sever the neck of the slave and not receive a nick, whereupon it may be further cooled in the blood flowing from the body."

"We had a lady depositor, whom I will call Miss Sanders," said a receiving tell-er of a bank the other day. er of a bank the other day.

"One day she came in to inform us she had been married and wished to leave her new signature and have her pass-

her new signature and have her pass-book agree with her changed condition.

"You need not make out a new book,' she said, 'as I have not changed my name much and prefer my old book; just make it rend Sanderson.'

"So we simply added the letters o and n on the book, and the change was com-plete."

THE DECLINE IN POETRY.

Result of "The Rural Reporter's" Effort to Produce a Revival.

to Produce a Revival.

The Atlantic Monthly has just completed its fortieth year, and in a modest but delightful manner it recounts its own history. It claims to be, as it is, the only truly literary magazine in America. The growth of literature in that forty years is not such as to make us egotistical. Especially does the editor state that there has been a distinct decline in poetry.

Alas! Alas! Can that be true? Now, what are the reasons? Has humanity lest its love of scattment? Have railroads and steambeats and telegraphs and telephones destroyed the last vestige of it? They have had great influence, but the chief reason. I think, has been the unfortunate decay in the influence of the mother-inser in America. No man knows the great, the telling influence upon the destiny of

decay in the influence of the mother-in-law in America. No man knows the great, the telling influence upon the destiny of the American people made by the mother-in-law. That biessed institution is really the greatest prop of modern civilization. Without that prop society would go down with a rush. A close investigation of history has taught me the fact that the Anglo-Saxon mother-in-law is the true cause and reason why that race has accomplished so much in the world. She has always sent her some-in-law forth to fight, and they were glad to go and afraid to come back home without whipping the enemy. I am fully satisfied that this is the true reason why the Anglo-Saxons are considered the greatest people on earth. Who can estimate the power of a Virginia mother-in-law? Neither principalities nor powers, nor armies nor navies, can exercise the power of a Virginia mother-in-law. There is no emotion so singularly sweet and delightful as that which is caused by bidding a mother-receal months.

on a visit and put everything to rights, and says she is compelled to leave for a few weeks, the sensation of true happiness which this gives the average sonin-law, is absolutely indescribable. It actually makes life worth living. It is a terrible misfortune that her influence is waning. What must be done to retain it? Since the days of Chaucer, she has exercised a great influence on poetry. No one but her could throw the average man to such a state of mind that he sought that came to hand. I heard an afflicted reighbor say a few days since that the rush to the Klondyke was not caused so much by the amount of gold as the fact that it was a place of refuge that could not be reached by this institution. He was a vain and censorious man, and utterly wrong in his conclusions.

Thicking over the deeps in poetry. I

this flagging industry, and the result is "I Kissed Her and She Ne'er Did Tell."

tylls and trochees of my fitte chuson.

Brace yourself up and rise equal to the occasion, and remember the license which is allowed to true poets. Think of the natural feelings of a youth meeting a beautiful maiden on a lovely May morning, such as I have described.

Recollect the old ballad?

'If a body meet a body coming through

If a body kiss a body, need a body erg."
Alas, alas! if I could call back twenty
years, and feel like my hero must have
felt it would cause me infinite pleasure
to ride with the six hundred at Balakalava, or make the charge up the height
of Gettysburg and take all chances, if
by that means I could bring back the
glorious, the immortal feeling of youth.
It is said that Thackeray, when writing
"Vanity Fair," just as he had finished the
incident where he made Rawdon Crawley
remember his birth and knock the stuffing (pardon the slung phrase) out of
the wicked old Lord Steyne, slupped his fing (pardon the slang phrase) out of the wicked old Lord Steyne, slapped his hand on the table and remarked, "By Heaven, that is genius." And it was. He was, and had the right to be, an ego-tist. This incident of Thackeray's ca-reer was called to my mind by the third verse of "I Kissed Her and She Ne'er Did Tell." It is true I did not follow the example of Thackeray, but when I made my hero kiss her the second time I felt like I was rising something like equal to the occasion. I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, just as Horace did to Maece-nas:

nas:

"Si me lyriels votibus inseres,
Feriam sidera sublimi vertice,"
I cannot close this little paper without
paying an humble tribute to that charming freedman. Who ever cared about the
politics of the reign of Augustus Caesar?
It is remembered as the age of Horace
and Virgil. Horace said that he meant
to erect a monument more lasting than
brass, and he did it.

I KISSED HER AND SHE NE'ER DID

'Twas one bright May morning,
A lovely maiden I did meet,
Her golden locks in the wind were
streaming.
The dew was kissing her tiny little feet.

Like lightning a shaft of love Pierced the depths of my soul, Defying powers below and above, I kissed her against her will. Red as a rose her cheek did burn, Keen was the anger which flashed from

her eye.
So fair, so beautiful did she become
Lost to consequence, I kissed her again.

Clear rung her shriek on the air;
To the bottom of my shoes I trembled with fear,
"Lovely Madden," said I, "you are so beautiful and fair,
My senses are lost, I fear to return no more."

Said I, "I pray your forgiveness, my dear, Not I, but you alone, are to blame. You are so sweet and so fair I am tempted to kiss you again."

Said I, "Oh! tell not your father or brother.
Let our kiss be a secret we shall keep.
The feeling of love nature cannot smother
Oh, maiden, I beseech thee not to weep."

'What monster are you," she cried,
'That wretch in human form,
That hast Earth and Heaven defied
This fair May morn?"

Said I, "Oh! Maiden, when I looked upon
your eyes of melting blue,
I knew I loved and thought you loved
too.
Thine eyes I might have withstood,
though they were sweet,
But my mind gave way when I beheld
your tiny little feet."

Without a word she wiped away a tear
And sped along the deil,
Though my breast was oppressed with
fear,
I kissed her, and she ne'er did teil,
THE RURAL REPORTER.
Sunnyside Place, Buckingham County,
Na Santanan 12 1877.

NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER,

"Sanitas" Gives a New nd Simplea Method of Inducing Balmy Sleep.

MUSCULAR AND MENTAL ACTIVITY

Produces a Sense of Fatigue That Precedes and Invites Sleep-Care fo the Eyes of School Children. Bacteriology.

A physician who, as a result of an injury, became afflicted with insomnia, invented the following: He directed various contractions and relaxations, and finally reached the conclusion that a systematized and well-ordered method of muscular and mental activity would soon bring the conditions required, a sense of fatigue that precedes and invites sleep. A recumbent position furnished the best opportunity. Once asleep, the point is gained. Who has not been dull and almost asleep before retiring, but wide

gained. Who has not been dull and almost asleep before retiring, but wide awake immediately after disrobing and experiencing the gentle shock of the fresh sheets and changed posture?

Open windows and at all seasons, and heat never in the sleeping room, are necessities. Lying on the back, with or without pillow, the foot-board and headboard are reached for at the same time. This brings into use many muscles that have not been on active duty during the day. The head is now raised half an inch, enough to realize that it has more weight than supposed. Eight inspirations weight than supposed. Eight inspirations deep and full are ordered in place of the sixteen or eighteen per minute. Every, inspiration is counted. Thus, the process begins of inviting the forces into new channels, and relieving the old. At the expiration of ten or twenty inspirations, the heart has become so heavy that one

EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

desired result.

EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

After a recent examination of the eyes among the Baltimore public school chilaren the physician who conducted it arrived at the following conclusions:

1. There should be required on entrance, or soon after, a certificate from a physician or hospital of recognized standing that the child's eye condition justifies school work. This should certainly be demanded after the school examination has shown vision to be lower than two-thirds of the normal in the better eye.

2. A modified curriculum should be adopted for children whose eyes are incurably affected.

3. Adjutable single desks should be substituted for those now in use; precautions taken in selecting sites for new buildings and in their erection, for proper lighting of rooms, and defects in old buildings remedied.

Regarding light, the specialist said there could not be too much. It should enter a

Baron Baron

the true state of affairs.

BACTERIOLOGY

The following is from an editorial of an eminent medical journal, and the writer regrets he cannot give it in full in this number of The Times. In the next article on hygiene it will be completed:

"The discovery of bacteria and their place in biology, the consequent complete revolution of many lines of thought, the abandonment of old theories and the establishment of new ones, have occurred so recently and have followed each other with such rapidity that much confusion exists in the public mind in regard to the subject. It is this confusion which prevents the accomplishment of the practical results which should ensue from this great acquisition to science. On the one, hand, there exists a morbid fear of the very name bacteria; on the other, there is skepticism quite as pernicious, and it may be said in passing that the unreliable statements of the newspapers are largely responsible for both beliefs. It is by means of the medical profession that confusion will be transformed into order. A clear knowlege of the life history of these important organisms will go far to rid the

as well as to indicate where the real danger lies.

"It should be generally known that bacteria are minute organisms belonging to the lowest botante orders; that each consists of a single cell, so small that it must be magnified 400 or 500 times in order to be observed; that these plants have the power of increasing in numbers very rapidly under favorable conditions, by simply dividing in two, each half becoming a fully developed organism like the original, that these plants are, like their large relatives, some useful and some harmful; that many of these plants have the power of taking in food and converting it into a poisonous substance, just as the deadly nightshade, planted in the same soil and inhaling the same air as its cousin, the potato will convert its food into poison, while the latter is a air as its cousin, the potato will convert its food into poison, while the latter is a most useful food; that the poisonous sub-stances formed by the bacteria, when absorbed by the human system, produce diseases; modified, among other 2008, by the intensity of the poison, the rapidity of its absorption and the location of its inception."

TRIBUTE TO DR. WITHERSPOON. The Ladies of His Church in Baltimor

Rev. Dr. Jero Witherspoon preached his farewell sermon at First Presbyterian church, Baltimore, from the text, Luke xiv., 16: "Friend, go up higher." He has accepted a call to Grace-Street Presbyte-rian church, Richmond. Dr. Witherspoon made no reference to the incidents which led up to his resig-

Dr. Witherspoon made up to his resignation.

Mr. W. W. Spence, the ruling elder, spoke of the resignation of Dr. Witherspoon "as a sad event to our beloved church, for it is the first time in its history of 126 years that a pustor has ever resigned and gone to any other field. It will be a severe blow to our church and a loss to our presbytery and to our community in which he has already won a high place. He has been, indeed, a model pustor."

The lady members of the church paid a tribute to the personality of Dr. Witherspoon in a letter signed by fully two hundred and fifty, saying: "Your beautiful Christian spirit, warm, genial nature, scholarly attainments, gentlemanly bearing and line delivery have eminentiy fitted you for your work, and we wish to sessure your leas that your leaving the

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stayton Thomps who are to give the public recital at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall on Monday evening, come to Richmond with the highest endorsement of press and well known musicians. Those who expect to be present on Monday evening will undoubtedly enjoy a rare musical treat, as the high character of

musical treat, as the high character of the following programme attests: Part I—Chopin, Valse Brilliante, Mrs. Thompson: Massenet, Fleeting Vision (from "Herodiade); Old Welsh Melody, All Through the Night; Burnham, Thou Art So Like a Flower, Mr. Thompson; Raff, La Fileuse; Schumann, Warum, Abendilled, Mrs. Thompson; Nessler, Es but night soilen sein; Gouned, She alone hat nicht sollen sein; Gounod, She alone charmeth my sadness (from "Queen of Sheba,") Mr. Thompson.

Sheba,") Mr. Thompson.
Part II—Greig, Norwegian Bridal Procession, Mrs. Thompson; Haydn—Reet:
"And God said, let the earth bring forth" (air: Now Heav'n in fullest glory shole), Mr. Thompson; Mendelssolin, opus 16, Mrs. Thompson; Raeckel, Happy Three; Smith, Creole Love Song, Mr. Thompson; Mazurette, Home, Sweet Home, Mrs. Thompson.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

The Baroness Furdett-Coutts possesses among other honors the freedom of the cit of London, and she can further lay clain to being a turner, a haberdasher and a coach and coach harness-maker, instruch as the freedom of the guilds controlling these trades has been bestow-

Advanced Styles

.....WITHOUT.....

Advanced Prices

That's our success-why we're always busy. Old styles don't stick with us. We don't give 'em time to grow whiskers. All our FURNITURE and CARPETS are brand new, and the reason they're not old is because our prices are right-they are the lowest.

> SEEING'S BELIEVING. COME TO SEE US.

Chas. G. Jurgen's Son,

Some Recent Arrivals.

421 East Broad Street.

You've probably bought them for that before, but they weren't worth \$1.10 like ours. Clothes Trees, or costumiers with \$2.25

mirrors

which hold good all the time.

JARDINIERE STANDS.....

Something new and useful, Have you ever heard of a Bent-End China case of good size selling for \$13.50 That's what we retail them for.

LADIES' DESKS (antique oak \$2.60 solid These are not baits, but regular prices

Headquarters

Low Prices and Best

S. ULLMAN'S SON'S

As such we are termed t patrons, for we guarantee to save you 25 per cent. on all goods purchased at the Old Reliable Headquarters for best goods at cheapest prices. Call for our complete new price list.

All Goods Guaranteed as Advertised.

Down-Town Stores, 1820-1822 E. Main Old Phone 316. New 'Phone 509. Up-Town Store, 506 East Marshall. Quick service. We run eight fast delivery wagons.

Old and New 'Phone 34. Light Brown Sugar, 4c. lb. 514 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar,

Quart Cans Maple Syrup, 25c. White A Sugar, 416c. lb. Fresh Lemon Crackers, 5c. lb. 3 lb. can Apple Butter for 9c. Pudding, assorted flavors, 8c. box. Old Rye Whiskey, \$1.50. Good Rye Whiskey, \$1.25. Our \$2.00 Rye Whiskey beats the world-same as you pay \$3.00

for elsewhere. Good Rio Coffee, roasted, 3 lbs. for 25C. Strictly Pure Ground Pepper, 10c.

pound. Home Made Jelly, 3c. 1b. Home Made Blackberry Wine, 15c. quart or 6oc. gal. Sweet Catawba Wine for drinking or for jelly, 12c. qt. or 45c. gal. 3 Bars Laundry Soap for 5c.

Cranberry Sauce, 5c. lb. Pepper Sauce, 5c. bottle. Best New Crop New Orleans Molasses, 40c. gallon. Floating Toilet Soap, 2 for 5c. Fresh Mixed Cakes, 7c. lb.

Large 4-string Broom, 15c.

Imported Claret Wine in quart bottles, 25c.; regular price \$1. 2 cans Extra Fine California Peaches, 25c. Finest New York Creamery But-

ter, just received, 15c. lb. New California Prunes, 5c. lb. * Boston Baked Beans, 3c. can. Tip-Top Roasted Coffee, Laguayra and Mexican, only 11c., beats the

New Buckwheat, 3c. lb. Finest Orange County Creamery Butter, 15c. lb. 10 lb. Pail Assorted Preserves,

world.

Home Made Preserves, all kinds,

Sweet Chocolate, 5c. cake. Baking Chocolate, 9c. cake. New Raisins, 5c. Cocoanut Cream Cakes, 10c, lb. Can Table Peaches, 7c. Home-Made Mince Meat, 5c. lb. Imported Rhine Wine, 35c. bottle. New Table Peaches, 7c. can. Xmas Mixture Candy, 7c, lb, Large Cans Pie Peaches, 6c. can. New Dates, 5c. lb. Early June Peas, 7c. can. Best City Meal, 12c. peck.

1 lb. Prints Best Creamery Butter, 15c. lb. Genuine Timothy Hay, 60c, cwt, Light-Brown Sugar, 61/2 pound

Fresh Made Caramels, 8c, 1b. Virginia Comb Honey, 10c. lb. Grits and Hominy, 2c. lb. Pigs Feet, 4c, 1b. New Prunes, 5c. lb. ClothesPins, 1c. dozen. Fresh Oyster Crackers and Cracker Dust, 5c. lb.

Large Bottles Ammonia, 5c. bot-Best Switzer Cheese, 15c. lb. French Mustard, 10c. quart. New Codfish, 5c. pound, Red Cherries, 10c. can. Vanilla Syrup, 30c. gallon. Try a bag of our New Snowflake Patent Family Flour, \$5.25 or 33c. bag, made of the best Virginia Wheat. Large Cans Boston Baked Beans

5c. can, in tomato sauce, 1/2-pound box Bon-Ton Baking Powder, 3c.-best in the world, Bird Seed, 5c. pound.

New Boneless Ham, 10c. lb. New Beans and Peas, 5c. qt. New Green Peas, 5c. qt.

Large Cocoanuts, 5c. Dried Blackberries, makes the finest dumplings you ever ate, 5c. Cedar Buckets, 10c. 3 lbs. Washing Soda, 5c. Pint bottle Best Tomato Catsup,

5c.; quart bottle Catsup, toc. Bakers' Cocoa, 10c, can. Good Rio or Laguayra Coffee, per pound, 11c.

New Barley, 5c. New Farina, 6c. lb. New Rolled Oats, 3c. lb. Silver King Minnesota Patent Family Flour, best in the world,

34c. bag or \$5.40 bbl.